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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

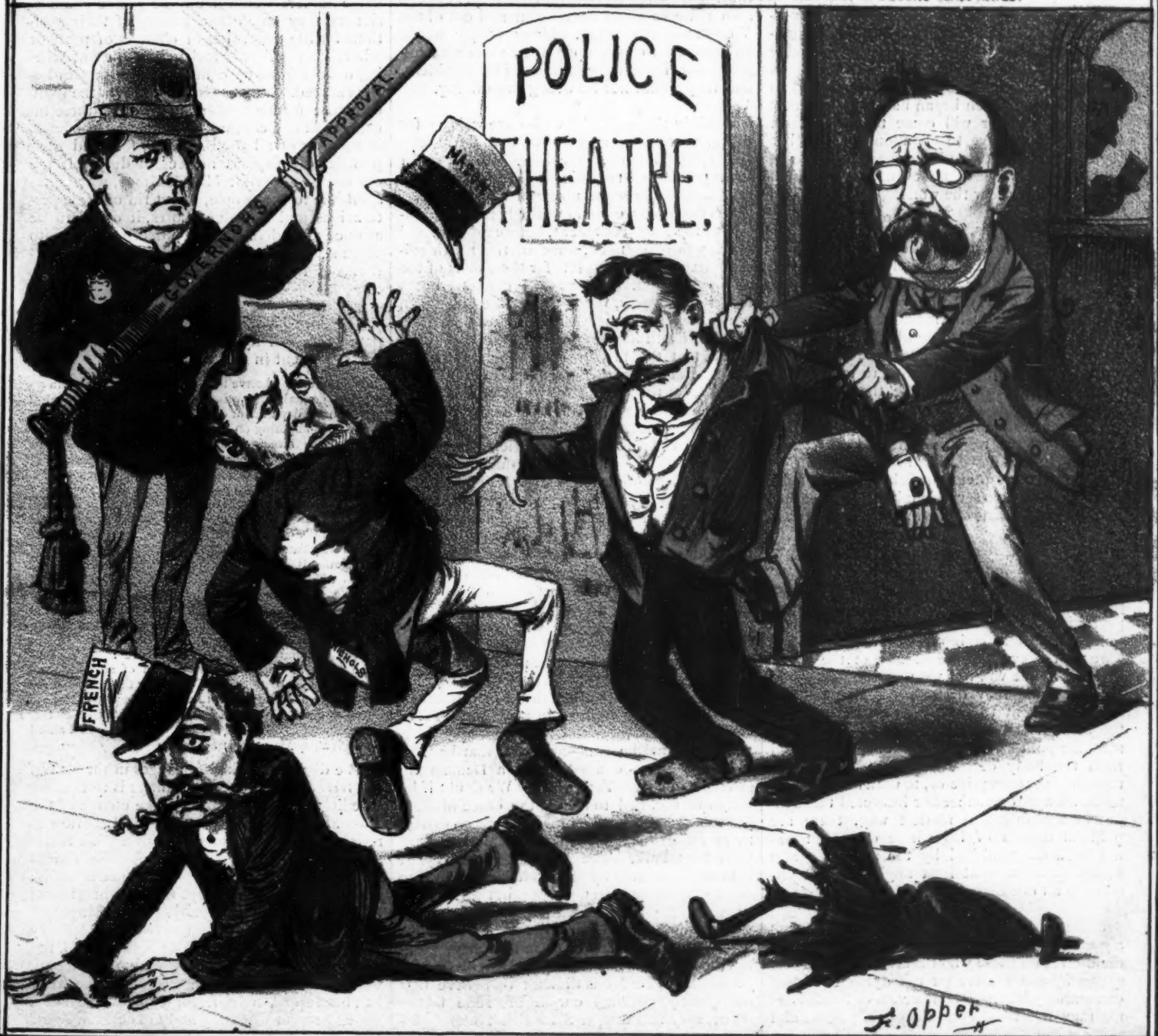
Suck

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 443.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BEFORE this number of Puck is in the hands of its readers, the President will, in all probability, have passed away. From the bulletins of the last few days it has been impossible to extract a glimmer of hope, notwithstanding the disposition shown by the doctors to make the most of the slightest favorable symptom. The bullet of the crazy assassin Guiteau will have done its deadly work, and an administration which began its career in a most promising manner will come to an end. It seems hard to have to abandon all hope, but there is no alternative. Even the most sanguine of his doctors speak most guardedly, which shows that they fear the worst.

But he still lives, as we write, and takes a little nourishment, and there is nothing to indicate that his mind is absolutely impaired, and, although it would be little short of a miracle if he were to recover, yet we must not, while there is a breath of life in his maimed and shattered frame, speak of him as one who has gone from us. It is trite to say that while there is life there is hope, and yet it is comforting to take refuge in that triteness. It is worse than useless to criticise, as some of our contemporaries have done, the treatment of the doctors. We believe that all the resources of medical science and human skill have been brought to bear on the case. If President Garfield dies it will be because he was too severely injured to be saved, and not on account of the incompetency of his physicians.

But whether presidents live or die, the game of politics goes on. It is humiliating and deplorable, but it is nevertheless true that many professional politicians of more or less reputation are carefully laying their plans of procedure in the event of the decease of the dying President. We will not wrong these gentlemen by saying that they desire his death; but it is scarcely decent to raise even a discussion on the most trivial matter connected with mere machine politics, before the vital spark has fled from the body of the chief magistrate. Although his presumptive or, to use a monarchical term, his apparent successor has acted throughout in a manly and modest way, there are political friends of his whose demeanor has not been distinguished by the sympathy and consideration that at least might be expected on such an occasion.

Some of these politicians see now "through a glass darkly" the manner in which to avenge themselves on those who thwarted them. Their sympathy and anxiety for the dying President can scarcely be genuine, it savors of lip-service, for they felt themselves deeply wronged, and it is not to be supposed that Guiteau's murder-

ous bullet has healed the soreness of their wounds. A man who can talk about ex-Senators Conkling and Platt as "Our Senators," and contumaciously encourage the Vice-President of the United States to rebel against his chief, would be certainly likely to be deeply interested in the President's chance of life. He naturally would be inclined to have all the arrangements cut and dried for any contingency that might arise.

It does not appear to us in the best of taste on the part of the persons concerned when we read such paragraphs as the following: "Ex-Senator Conkling called on the Vice-President in the evening. On his return to the Fifth Avenue Hotel he was joined in his room by ex-President Grant and Senator John A. Logan. General Grant had been reading the evening bulletin in the clerk's office. He said he feared that the chance of the President's recovery was small." It may be said that it is an unfortunate state of things if two friends cannot pay each other a quiet little visit without being accused of sinister motives; but, taking everything into consideration, it really would have been better if Mr. Conkling and General Grant had not been seen quite so often running in and out of the Vice-President's house. Many people would be inclined to look upon their visits with suspicion, in view of the condition of the President, and they would not be wrong in so doing.

Possibly the politicians who are waiting for place, patronage, and power, may find themselves disappointed. We hope they may: for the repetition of a certain incident in a tragedy that took place some nineteen hundred years ago is not what we would willingly see. According to the New Testament, before an expected death was announced, some of the rough soldiery irreverently cast lots for the effects of the doomed victim. The passage contains but a few simple words, but they tell the story with the force of a sledge-hammer. And now the angel of death hovers over our President. She has not at the moment claimed him for her own! But if she does we must surrender him. Would that the sufferer might yet be freed from her ominous presence for very many years to come: but that seems like hoping against hope! We trust only that those politicians who are counting on the things to be done after all is over, will keep their unsavory practices entirely to themselves for the present. We have had a surfeit of such politics. The public does not want to know, nor does it care, as to whether this man or that man shall have a certain office; it is sick of the business. Politics will have killed the President.

The Democrats are making great preparations for the coming campaign, and are not unmindful of the 1884 struggle. Uncle Samuel, if accounts speak truly, appears to have become revived after his political death in Cincinnati in 1880. He is perennial in his vigor. There can be little doubt that Uncle Sammy Tilden will do all that he can—and with that bar'l he can do a great deal—to elect a Democratic governor for New York State. We doubt if he would be inclined to accept the office himself. He has had experience in it, top, but he can do more good outside from his headquarters at Gramercy Park. The Democratic graveyard is to be desecrated by Mr. Tilden himself. The other corpses lie there in peace, but Mr. Tilden does not seem satisfied with dying. He has exhumed himself, and, with the aid of his bar'l, bloom of youth, *elixir vitae*, and other preparations of the kind, is completely rejuvenated. So much so, that it is difficult to believe that the ghastly political corpse of 1880 is the smart, spry and dapper Samuel J. Tilden of today.

There must be something very peculiar in the organization and constitution of a police commissioner, especially in the toughness of his hide. A man may be a very reputable and exemplary citizen, but no sooner is he appointed to administer the affairs of the police, when an extraordinary change comes over him. Where under other circumstances he would listen to reason and argument, he will not do so the moment he gets a footing in Mulberry Street. No matter how unfit he may be proved to be for the office, and what efforts may be made to get rid of him—he will stick like a barnacle to the post that he is so incompetent to fill, and defy everybody. He doesn't care for the press, unless he happens to have a hand in writing the editorials, and then they will always be in his favor.

He doesn't care for the courts, unless he has friends on the bench, who somehow or other always manage to upset any arrangement that may have been made for his ejection for incompetency. Neither does he care for the Governor, whose decision he can again, with the aid of the courts, ignore. We believe all office holders would like to be police commissioners, they could then be sure of their positions for life, regardless of changes of party or administration. The melancholy duty of kicking out these police commissioners is again being enacted. Mayor Grace deserves the highest praise for his bravery in tackling these incompetent and contumacious fellows, who have, in the eyes of all good citizens, forfeited their positions by flagrant neglect of duty. If the law does not permit Mayor Grace, who is responsible to the people, to get rid of these pertinacious and impudent bores, it ought to be at once amended. Their indecent clinging to office shows clearly that they must be pachyderms of the most pachydermatous kind.

The *New York Herald* refers to a cable despatch received by PUCK from its own London correspondent in the following terms:

We regret to observe that a paragraph printed in an evening journal, purporting to describe an upheaval in the editorial department of one of our morning contemporaries, is imposing on public credulity when an examination of the framework alone is sufficient to impeach its accuracy. The startling rumors concerning Mr. Hall, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Barlow and others to which it gives circulation rest solely upon the authority of an alleged cable despatch to PUCK at special rates from a correspondent in London. We were not previously aware that PUCK possessed a department of foreign correspondence or had negotiated special rates. That of itself warranted suspicion. It undoubtedly is true that if PUCK ever should establish a London correspondence by cable its opening would be signalized by some such triumph in news. But at the same time it should be remarked that it would not fail to illustrate the news with its skillful pencil. The fact that no illustration of the sort appears in the current number of PUCK is conclusive that the evening journal in question is the victim of an imposture. We take the more pleasure in believing this, because the retirement of Mr. Barlow to a hermitage would be a misfortune to business and society, for which all the other changes mentioned in the alleged despatch would afford a very inadequate compensation.

The despatch spoke of changes in the staff of the *World*, by which Mr. Jennings is to become its editor, Mr. Crickmore to take charge of the musical criticisms, and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow to retire on a pension to Glen Cove. We regret that our E. C. S., the *Herald* and *Telegram*, should have seen fit to tap our private special cable; but, since they did do so, they might at least have got the news correctly. The changes referred to the staff of our esteemed contemporary itself, and not to that of our equally E. C. the *World*. They were not very important, but were simply to the effect that Mr. John Kelly had been appointed editor-in-chief of the *Herald*, vice ex-Senator Conkling and O'Donovan Rossa resigned.

LAGER-BEER.

LAGER-BEER DRINKERS until the last week or so were under the impression that their favorite beverage was made from malt and hops, but it appears that it was all a mistake, and, what is more, the brewers are very gentlemanly and frank about the matter, which almost reconciles the public to the disappointment.

For it is disappointment to find what was supposed to be a wholesome and refreshing drink made from pure malt and hops is really a very queer sort of concoction, which has in its manufacture made the acquaintance of corn, glucose, potato starch, corn starch, rice, aloe, molasses, and several other interesting ingredients.

Now, there are now doubt many people who like their beer this way—if there are, we cannot blame the brewers for gratifying the taste of such individuals; but we are old-fashioned in our views, and prefer our lager brewed from simple hops and malt. This may be a very difficult thing to do, but we think it might be managed with some little effort.

The Business Men's Moderation Society deserves our best thanks for enlightening us in this beer matter by inducing the brewers to let the public know what could be put into lager without anybody short of an analytical chemist finding it out.

The brewers say that a portion of the trade use the odd ingredients mentioned, but they are singularly reticent as to which "portion" it is. Why doesn't this particular "portion" advertise itself, so that when our physician prescribes for us glucose, potato starch and aloe, we can go to the nearest saloon and imbibe our medicine without delay, such as we might experience in a drug store? They then enter into a long explanation, and endeavor to prove that these curious substances are really necessary for the beer. The explanation is not a very clear one. There is a great deal of learned chemical talk and a number of scientific terms used. If you take some of this "diastase," and then "caramelize" that and "disintegrate" the other with the aid of just a little glucose, you have no conception what a choice article can be turned out. We also receive some valuable information with reference to starch. The brewers say: "After the conversion of the starch to sugar, carbonate of lime is used to neutralize and to remove any free acid, depositing an insoluble sulphate of lime which settles to the bottom, and the pure solution of the glucose is decanted from it and run through animal charcoal filters for the purpose of clarification and decolorization, and then evaporated in vacuum pans to the proper gravity. Glucose is added to the beer, *if added at all*, as follows, etc."

So that we learn by this valuable lesson in chemistry that what is commonly called lager-beer, is little better than a liquid preparation of glucose and starch with an occasional hop or grain of malt dropped into it—just to give it a flavor, as it were, and to enable the brewers to save their consciences by asserting that their beer *is* made from hops and malt.

They resemble very much the Oilymargarine manufacturers, who use a little milk and annatto in the manufacture of their delectable compound, in order to make consumers believe that it is butter.

But the concluding remarks of the Brewers' Association are the most mirth-provoking. They are to the effect that glucose, rice, starch, corn meal are not employed for the purpose of cheapening the beer produced, but for making desirable variations in color and flavor. This might be accepted as a fair argument if the customers really preferred beer with all this stuff in it; but, as a matter of fact, they do not. If the brewer said to his customer: "Which will

you take—a glass of beer made of glucose, rice, corn meal, etc., or one made of pure malt and hops, perhaps with the addition of a little cane sugar?" it is not difficult to guess what the answer would be. Again it is disingenuous to say that these substances do not cheapen the beer. The consumer pays his five cents a glass; but he pays a higher price than it is actually worth, for the brewers admit that corn meal and prepared corn are cheaper than malt. Then we are told that glucose costs more than barley malt, which is equivalent to stating that ottar of roses costs more than a barrel of cider. They are very meek, these brewers; they are so anxious to know if glucose can be really unwholesome, when it is so largely used in gum-drops and sweet-meats of all kinds.

We are inclined to think that the brewers are uneasy as to the wholesomeness of glucose, when they ask piteously why it should be injurious to health when it is eaten inside of raisins, figs and other fruits, without hurting anybody.

These lager-beer brewers are indeed most innocent and guileless men; but all the same—we want no glucose, nor corn starch, nor aloe, nor rice in ours, thank you! We like rice better with curry, and starch in a moderate degree in our collars, cuffs and shirt-fronts.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE'S latest weather bulletin from Washington:

INDICATIONS.

Unpleasant weather. Wind altogether in the wrong quarter. Dirty outlook. Temperature police stationery; stronger pressure.

MR. WILHELM, of Germany, is suffering from a cold, and is in a horrid state of mind because he is unable to attend the autumn military manoeuvres. The hoary-headed old coon at his time of life ought to think of something more peaceful and respectable than reviewing a lot of licensed shootists, all of whom could be better employed.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

This was our poet—one who strode
These streets in ante bellum ages,
And smoked on street-car steps, and rode
Down Broadway on the tops of stages.

A Dublin gownsman, London rake,
For grim romance, pathetic ditty;
No color from 'cross seas he'd take,
But loved, and learned, and wrote our city.

'Twas here he sowed each splendid crop
Of fecund wind—here did he reap
Fine whirlwinds. From the base or top
His path was lighter, being steep.

He swayed the sceptre, felt the lash,
Wrought starving nights—by sated days
Petted his trooper's brown moustache,
And sought and strolled life's sunny ways.

From here he sallied forth to crown
A flaring life with flaming death.
God rest him! There outside the town
He waits the Doomsday trumpet's breath.

Poor Fitz! they say—yet when I'm dead
I'll ask no pity, if a line
Of all I've writ in some one's head
Shall run as some of his in mine.

A. E. WATROUS.

THIRD EDITION!
PUCK ON WHEELS.
Price, Twenty-five Cents.

Puckings.

REVISED LATIN for pawnbrokers' use—*In Hock Simpson vinces.*

"FINE slaying," is one of the attractions of all New Jersey resorts.

ROWELL is here and is going about as he pleases, but not on the sawdust track.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR is now very popular out west. Negroes and Indians have been fighting with one another.

THE *Telegram* asks: "What good are our aldermen?" We have never been able to find out; perhaps it can tell us.

THE U. S. frigate "Lancaster" is under orders to sail for the Mediterranean. It is to be hoped that she will take a life preserver with her.

WHY doesn't Mr. Edison abandon all his electric light researches, and invent a machine for effectually removing incompetent police commissioners?

MR. JOHN W. FAIR, of Texas, committed suicide yesterday by first cutting his throat and then blowing his head off with a shot-gun. He did know it was loaded.

A GRADUATE of Vassar has become a member of the Faculty and Principal of the College. Perhaps this is the first instance on record of a woman filling a position where she is licensed to wag her tongue to her heart's content.

IF THE bulls on the New York Produce Exchange have any enterprise about them they will lose no time in squelching the Archbishop of Canterbury, who seeks to wipe out all their profits by ordering the clergy to offer special prayers for the harvest in England.

THE children of Mr. Albert Edward of Wales are said to dress very plainly. Why should they not? The offspring of royal paupers ought not to be extravagant, and Mr. A. E. of Wales is poor and cannot pay his debts, although he gets three or four hundred thousand dollars a year for doing nothing.

CONSUL BRET HARTE consults himself in his exile by wandering about Europe. At last accounts, he was visiting William Black at Brighton. No wonder our trade with Scotland is falling off, when the Glasgow Consul is never on hand to certify invoices and issue consular certificates to shippers to this country.

MRS. VICTORIA of England is reported to have carefully read and approved of each clause of the Irish Land Bill before putting her ineffable signature to it. Her autograph to the measure has about as much relation to its becoming law as a hotel guest's name on a register has to his proprietorship in the establishment.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

CUT THIS OUT,
pin it under the lapel of your coat
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you
Can you lend me a Quarter?

"ADS" IN THE FUTURE.

APPEARANCES denote that soon
The actor will appear
In tights upon the street at noon,
To advertise his Lear.

The lawyer at the curb will stand
And smoke his mild cigar,
And chant, in accents soft and bland:
"Divorces, here you are!"

When Mabel walks Fifth Avenue,
Her ribbon in the wind
Will tell you: "I am twenty-two,
I'm gentle and I'm kind."

While clergymen repeat the creed,
Upon their vestures pale
The member, who's awake, may read:
"A dozen pews for sale."

The apple-vender, morbus-crown'd—
While naught his ardor damps—
Before your door will roll around
And kindly have the cramps.

Then undertakers, pale as chalk,
Will chill excited crowds
As down Broadway they grinning stalk
Like vampires in their shrouds.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Dialogue XXI.—With a Broker.

CUSTOMER.—I want you to buy me a \$1000 U. S. 4 per cent. bond at the market rate. There is a certified check for the amount.

BROKER.—[Chin-chins.]

C.—Yes, I know the 6's of '81 are better, that the extended fives are generally preferred, and that the 4½'s are in great demand abroad. That's the reason I don't want to help keep them here.

B.—.....

C.—Undoubtedly, as you say, first-class railroad bonds yield a higher rate of interest than the four per cents; but I belong to the Anti-Shylock society, my child, and the initiation oath binds us to four per cent.

B.—.....

C.—Ah? I am glad to hear that Bohunkus and Hohokus R. R. Co. are about to issue a first consolidated, income, 9 per cent. trade dollar, chest protecting, coupon, reversible, enameled, rolled gold, convertible, debenture mortgage bond at 21½, and accrued interest. My soul delights itself in fatness at the prospect.

B.—.....

C.—That's what I say; I'm glad of it. I am tickled to death to know the savings banks are taking them. Let them have them all. What I want is a \$1,000 4 per cent. bond.

B.—.....

C.—I don't deny that the country is prosperous, and that that proves the Guzzler's Gulch R. R. shares are worth 98½; Buyer, 60. I'm not musing much with logic just now. Did I make it understood that I asked for a 4 per cent. bond?

B.—.....

C.—Well, I hope they will go to 200, as you say. I don't want to stop it. Let her went.

B.—.....

C.—I've no doubt that your friend who knows Jay Gould's coachman, gets very reliable information. If he told you I didn't want any of

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

N.Q.—No Quarter.

the Texas & Cowboy Consolidated Trunk line stock, he gave you a dead sure point. Take it.

B.—.....

C.—Of course! Every one knows that the commerce of the staked plain will run the stock to par before five o'clock, next week; but I don't dine till six o'clock and such things before dinner spoil my digestion.

B.—.....

C.—Oh! Yes. Mining stocks—Yes. I have heard that the Slate Mines are going to pay dividends of ten per cent. a minute next Fall. I know that is so, because I read it in the superintendent's letters. When the Fall comes, gentle Annie, I'll see you again. Good morning!

HOHOKUS.

COLUMBIA'S INVOCATION TO THE CORNELL CREW.

Cornell! I yell, come home, Cornell!
Come home, Cornell, and rest a spell—
Your boasted prowess is a sell,
Come home and with old Courtney dwell;
Pray pawn your oars, and sink your shell;
Come home, Cornell! I yell—I yell,
But if you won't, then go to—Hades.

WILL B.

A GOOD IDEA.

MAUD S. has done so well that her owner might really afford to give her a name in place of that beggarly initial.—PUCK.

How would treating it to two down strokes thus, "Maud \$" do? That would not be beggarly, and "more dollars" is what her owner looks for.

ANON.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE BALL SEASON.

It is said that when the Reverend Mr. Pajikull encountered the shade of Harold the Fair-haired in the cavern of Sutzkeller, in the north-eastern extremity of the Island of Iceland, he remarked:

"Farið þjer á dansleik í kveld?"

"Nei, ekki í kveld."

"En eitvert annað kveld?"

"Gott Kveld."

And he lit out. [Hann gekk burt.]

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXVII.

CHAMPAGNE.



Ya-as, Amerwicans dwink a gweat deal. I don't wefer to watah, but to stwongah beverwages, and yet they do not aw appe-ah to imbibe so gweat a quantity of liquor or to exercise as much discwimina-tion in the choice of it as nearly everwy-body does thwrough-

out Gweat Bwitaen. I am not going to wite an aw essay on the comparwative dwinking habits of the two countwies—don't think I could do it if I twied. But I would like to wemark on what stwuck me as extwemely curwious durwing my wecent wandwings about waterwing places. I wefer to the extwawordinarwy amount of cham-pagne dwunk everwywhere.

At first I had the impwession that Amerwicans weally took it because they liked it bettah than any othah dwink, but I aftahwards discovered, much to my surpwise, that aw this was not the weal weason. They do it, it appe-ahs, because it costs, as a rule, a gweatah amount of money per bottle than any othah varwieti of wines.

It seems verwy odd, both to me and Jack Carnegie, that even wespectable Amerwicans should feel constwained to pour down their thwroats a lot of deleterwious and bilious stuff simply because it happens to cost maw than dwinkable clarwet and be-ah. And yet I see it done everwywhere. Some fellows who have but in a comparwatively wecent perwiod had a little money to spend in luxuries, absolutely wuin their stomachs by swilling in this aw champagne and then wondah why they feel so quee-ah. Some of them, I believe, are not aware of the existence of any othah descwription of wine. When a fellow talks about a bottle of wine he invarwibly wefers to aw champagne, and stares at you in blank astonishment if you asked him if he meant Sherwy, Clarwet or Madeirwah.

This extwawordinarwy pwactice of champagne dwinking seems to me quite as peculiah in its way as the weawwing of diamonds on all sorts of inappwopwiate occasions.

By the aw way, my wemarks on diamonds, Jack tells me, gave gweat offense to a large numbah of people, and I have weceived an extensive batch of lettahs pwotesting against my conclusions. Deucedly wemarkable that anybody should have felt hurt about it. Aw I suppose they know what I say is twue.

But to weturn to champagne. I don't mean to say that it is altogethah objectionable. On some occasions I have no objection to hearwing the corks pop. When there is any special hilarwity, such as a chwistening or a wedding bwreakfast, or an election, then it is all wight, because the popping and the fizzing are wefweshing and encourwaging. A little of it is also verwy well at waces and occasionally on the deck of a yacht; but, whethah dwy or fwuity, it pwetty nearly disagwees with everwybody, and it is bad form and a sign of vulgawity to dwink it as a wegulah beverwage aw.

SOME tramps who got hold of one of the four hundred thousand copies of "Food for Thinking Christians," were disgusted on opening the book to find no cold meat in it.

WHEN a man is "loaded" he generally goes off to sleep; when a musket is loaded it generally goes off and puts some one to sleep—his last sleep though.

WHY SHE MARRIED CHING-A-LING.



She can go out when she likes.



Can come home and find things in perfect order.



She can have all the clean muslins she wants—



And there is something for the children to play with.



She can be polite to former admirers.



Better than a lazy American husband—whom she might have to support.



THE UNSALTED UNSALTED

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

If it was within the range of possibility for one of the Unsalted (we thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word!) to blush, the callow cheek of their defender would be as the sunset hues. That Puck should attribute to one of their order literary cleverness is too much. It is an encouragement which does much to mitigate the severity of the lecture and the disgrace of the caricature.

Personally, I was abundantly satisfied with your reply; but Buttsy and the rest of the "fellers" demand (the great Unsalted never request) your attention and a small amount of space, and the commands of the Executive Committee are not to be slighted by the Hartmann of Unsaltedism. You admit that there is "a certain ghastly truth" in the assertion which forms the basis of our action, but go on to say that "currency of that sort, while it may circulate for a time, is wholly irredeemable." Now I will introduce you a little further into our confidence, and tell you that we don't believe we have a "dead sure thing of it." (I have tried to adopt a lofty style, but familiar phrases will creep out—pardon me, and proceed.) We take the risk you refer to, and if there is a run on the treasury perhaps we can compromise on average terms. It appears, very unreasonably, to irritate you and other worthy people because we use a pin to fasten our collar, instead of a collar-button. If you stick your fingers in trying to accomplish what we can do without effort, is it our fault? Must you set up a yell,

and call the world's attention to the fact that you are one of the few who possess a solid collar-button?

Don't get mad because they can't, or won't, notice it. Keep cool, old fellow! Run out and buy a package of cigarettes, (we smoke the Diamond, you'll find them good,) put your feet on your desk, and whistle "Mary Ann, I'll tell yer Ma!" You can bet your sweet life on just one thing: just as soon as the Unsalted find that the solid collar-button is the thing, the — to you—aggressive pin will vanish.

Now, old boy, with all your cleverness, have you not, in a measure, evaded my question? Is it not beyond dispute that, in the majority of instances, Push and Cheek will distance Modesty and Worth? Would you not back the former heavily to distance the latter in the *Grand Prix de la Vie*?

Just as soon as the staying qualities of M. and W., which, as a judge of horses, I consider a good team, are properly appreciated, P. and C. will be sold to an ice-dealer. Ignominious fate!

It is your mission to make fun of your environment, or to quarrel with it; it is essential for the Unsalted to accept it as an accomplished fact, and make the best of it, not oblivious to the speculative character of their lives, but with the knowledge (change the word if inappropriate) that the preponderant chances are with them. Frankly, O, Monarch of Fun! O, Great Unclad!—can you blame them?

Thine as before,

ONE OF THE UNSALTED
(not quite so fresh).

SEE WORCESTER.

DANCING.

In the German she e'er was kept busy,
This charming young dancer, Miss Lusy,
She'd spin round like a top,
Then on the floor'd drop—
It made her so awfully dusy. J. G. J.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

There was a musician Wilhelmj
Who tried an old fiddle to sellmj;
When I asked him the way
To make the thing play
The fellow would really not tellmj.

TRUE LOVE.

There was a young lady from Sioux,
A chap loved her, but what could he dioux?
To her father he went
And asked his consent
To be her fond lover and trioux. DALE.

A young lady sat on the quay,
As proper as proper could buay,
When a current of air
Carried off her back hair,
She only said "Good gracious muay."
TOM SPRINGER.

There lives in the town of St. Croix
A slang-using, rip-tearing boix;
He is rough, groug and tough,
And won't take any "gough,"
But travels on "What der yer soix?"
LYNN C. DOYLE.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

C. C. S.'s BOUT RIMES EPIGRAM ON
SARATOGA COMPLETED.

Men bring their wives and daughters
Here to lounge and dress and prink;
The men can't bear the waters,
So it's whiskey that they drink.

J. G. J.

HE SWORE.

There was an Æsthete from Pall Mall,
Who on a banana peel fall,
He rose with a sigh,
Wiped the sand from his eigh,
And plaintively murmured, "Oh, Hall."

ENO.

KEROSENE.

There was a young man from Fermanagh
On a cold night went courting his Hannah,
She oiled up the fire,
He saw her expire,
She went off in a heart rending mannah.

E. F. G.

PHONETIC.

Ther waz a young man in Lin,
Hoo stol a botel ov gin;
He becam very tite,
And got in a fite,
A poleeceman then tuk him in.

T. Q.

SO SHOULD WE.

The bride was led up the broad aisle
Got up in the most killing staisle.
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to he
She promptly replied: "I should smaile."

HEARTRENDING.

An old tramp sat perched upon the railing
at the corner of Court and State Streets, in an
attitude of such utter dejection that it arrested
the attention of a sympathetic old gentleman
passing by.

"What ails you, my good sir?" said the
sympathetic old gentleman: "you appear to be
troubled about something this morning."

"Ah, sir," responded the old tatterdemalion,
"but yesterday could I revel thoughtless and
happy in the sunshine—to-day my heart is
cheerless as the grave. One careless act has
changed me from one joyous in the conscious-
ness of innocence to a remorseful atrabillarian."

The sympathetic old gentleman's heart was
deeply touched by these mournful and mysteri-
ous words; so, taking a seat beside him, he
continued:

"You are, then, a victim of unkind fate.
May I ask, sir, what has reduced you to your
present condition? For I take it you have not
always lived in wretchedness."

"No; *entre nous*, I have seen better days.
But let that pass. I perceive, sir, you are curi-
ous to know the cause of my present grief; and
perhaps the revelation of my sad tale will some-
what alleviate my suffering."

"I am a Christian," he continued, seating
himself more comfortably upon the barbed
railing. "My mind was in its tender infancy
impressed with the necessity of rigorously ob-
serving the Sabbath. Last evening, sir, in ac-
cordance with my usual custom, I wended my
way to the nearest church. Upon arriving
there I was courteously ushered into a pew,
which, allow me to remark, *en passant*, was near
the door, doubtless out of respect for my age,
and a solicitude for my infirmity, which forbade
walking the length of the aisle. At the appoint-
ed hour a contribution was solicited; I drew a
handful of coin from my pocket in this man-

COURTNEY'S CONGRATULATIONS.



MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

ner"—pulling out a remnant of biscuit, some
chaff, and a knife from his dilapidated old
breeches—"with the purpose of contributing a
five-dollar gold piece. Imagine my horror, sir,
when, upon returning home, I discovered that
I still possessed the gold coin, and had contri-
buted, in my haste, only a copper cent."

The sympathetic old gentleman looked a
moment at his sighing companion, and then
moved silently away, while the tramp's head
sank, with a groan of anguish upon his breast.

CHARLES H. TURNER.

PHILOSOPHY CONSOLING LOVE.

WH why did she ever return them,
This bundle of fond billet-doux?
There's naught for it now but to burn them,
After reading them through if I choose.

Withered fruits of a once blooming passion,
They have fallen like leaves from the tree,
And the girl that I once made a mash on
No longer is sweet upon me.

As fondly past pleasures recalling
I think of my lost love and all,
I know the sad tears should be falling—
But somehow the tears will not fall.

There's a consciousness over me stealing
That, whatever people may say,
No sensible girl of fine feeling
Would ever have thrown me away.

Why, look at this note I am reading,
By George! who would ever have guessed
She could have resisted the pleading
Of a passion so neatly expressed?

And why should a man feel dejected
Who's been casting his pearls before swine?
Why, hang it! I'm really affected
On reading these letters of mine.

It strikes me that for delicate fancy,
Quaint conceits full of feeling and art,
They're unique, and really I can't see
How she read without losing her heart.

Here's a poem; how consummate that verse is;
Ah, the maid who could read it unmoved
By the love it so sweetly rehearses,
Surely does not deserve to be loved.

Had she feeling and wit she'd not spurn them;
Well, I'll read them all over, and then
I think on the whole I'll not burn them,
Sometime I may use them again.

L.

FREE-LUNCH.

HELL is now Hades. Can't red hair be some-
thing besides red hair?

FASHION ITEM.—Last year's dresses are much
worn now—in both senses of the word.

AS VENNOR predicts all the bad weather,
can it be said that he "holds the reins" in
America?

A ST. LOUIS man compelled to mail a copy
of a Chicago paper, wrote on the wrapper:
"Infernal Machine."

NO ACTRESSES have lost their diamonds lately;
but many have lost their back hair while bath-
ing, but the fact has not been published.

MISS CYNIC, who is at a fashionable watering
place, says that "Fresh Arrivals" are the
lardydah young men that come there.

"Go further and fare worse," as the scalper
said to the man who said he charged too high.
And he went further, and the fare was higher.

THE preliminary season at the theatres was
too soon this year. We suppose the managers
were too previous, too; if they had been a little
subsequent it might have been all right.

IT IS SAID that tar is healthy, but it is not
healthy for the boy who tars another's face
while he sleeps; if the tarred boy happens to
be bigger and then discovers who did it.

THEY have a society for alleviating the mis-
eries of Philadelphia prisons in Philadelphia.
Poor prisons! We always thought you were
forced to hold more than you could carry.
Why don't some of the population stay out of
you, anyhow?

"If two from one you take, how many will
remain, Alice?" said a young manto his girl.
"Why, you can't take two from one, Charley."
"O yes, I can, Alice," and he kissed her twice.
"Now," said he, "I've taken two from one and
hundreds remain." "And they will remain
there," replied Alice.

TIM KICK.

THE PENNYTIM ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. PENNYTIM is a good-natured, old-fashioned man whom everyone likes at first sight. One of those mellow-faced, horny-handed individuals who looks as though he might have been in Congress once, who looks as though he might have invented a churn-dasher, and sat for the picture which appears in the papers throughout the country with a fever and ague pad on.

In short, a regular stock prominent citizen with whiskers on his neck and no cravat—the kind of man who always heads town meetings when there is no money to be put in, and who boasts of having voted for Jackson, and who drives two dozen eggs to the village behind a Dominick horse who ambles along with miraculous slowness, and swaps them off in a grocery where he asks about two hundred and fifty questions that do not concern him.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Pennytim weighed but ninety pounds.

CHAPTER III.

Last summer fate worked a little romance into the otherwise quiet humdrum life of Mr. Pennytim. He met a young lady who so completely environed his soul with her coy blandishments that he could not keep away from her without desecrating his self-respect. They used to take long, long rambles together—rambles that are long not from the distance traveled, but from the slowness of locomotion, and whose sweetness is gauged and computed and got at by rules unknown in mathematics.

CHAPTER IV.

At this juncture it is only proper to give a synopsis of Miss Ethelberta St. John-Smith. Duly inventoried she was as follows:

Tall,
Slim,
Languishing,
Blue-eyed,
Enchanting,
Sweet-tempered as a dove,
Serene as an October after-glow,
Daughter of a wealthy widower.
She was fond of and manifested a preference for the following:—
Paintings,
Theatricals,
Novels,
Æsthetics.

CHAPTER V.

One boiling day in the middle of August, when there wasn't breeze enough to raise anything from a handful of smoke to a church debt, Mr. Pennytim and the young lady to whom he was so deeply attached took a walk together, down in the quiet wood wherein the black bird sings its merry song, and the brook purls its lazy nocturne, and the bell of the stray cow slings off its copper-fastened polonaise in something-or-other, while the cow regards the stranger as intently as a new comer in a village, and herself the president of the ladies' sewing society.

CHAPTER VI.

A great deal of mutual delight.

CHAPTER VII.

They walked on and drank in all the surrounding beauties, barring the cow, and got off more reeking stock sentiment every ten minutes than is contained in any six autograph albums extant. And they both thought it fine—they were in that condition that makes each word seem one of warm throbbing eloquence. And he wooed her and won her fond young heart, that beat in unison with his own under a satisfaction-guaranteed porous plaster, and she looked out upon a world in which all was fair

and beautiful, a world wherein the flowers of hope were planted to blossom she cared not how soon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now we'll make them talk.

"Ethelberta," said he, softly, knowing her fondness for landscape, "isn't that beautiful?"

"Yes," replied Ethelberta, who had been reading *Herald* art criticisms; "but it is hardly correct. The perspective is bad over there by the walnut tree, and there ought to be more shade in front of the wood, in order to heighten the passion on the rail fence in the foreground. The mellow tone of those larches is music itself, and the dream which pervades the corridors of haze just on the left of the duck-pond is an inspiration in nature. Do you like duck-pond-scapes?"

"Beyond all else," he replied, not knowing what she meant.

"So do I. But look on this side. How serene, how glowful is it all. I like to see the air toned by primrose and sumach. To me there are hints of immortality in it. That fiery landscape is really charming."

Then said Mr. Pennytim:

"It would make a splendid patent-medicine allegory, if it only had some green snakes standing on their tails to represent dyspepsia."

Miss St. John-Smith leaned upon her fragile parasol for support. A full set of languors, mixed with swoon, were apparent in her mellow eyes.

Mr. Pennytim, not noticing her horror, continued:

"You know all about art. Now, my dear, will you tell me why in the patent-medicine allegory liver-complaint is always represented by a Kalamazoo Achilles, all out of drawing, running up a globe, with a handful of lightning?"

She replied not—she couldn't. But she measured the distance between herself and her lover, and threw herself upon him, as she had seen Clara Morris sling herself in "Miss Merton."

When she landed on him, down he went. His ninety pounds could not stand the crash. In the fall a box of parlor matches went off in his pocket and set her clothes on fire. He tried to carry her to the duck-pond, but she was too heavy—he couldn't lift her. In another instant she was a mass of flames, and he ripped out a pocket knife, and, in another instant—

The continuation of this highly dramatic and thrilling story was accidentally used by the office boy as a wrapper for some sausage which he had to take home. Consequently it must end abruptly, like Edwin Drood, but Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade might like to finish it, which either of them is at liberty to do without communication with the author.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

LOVE-MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



ANAXAGORAS JONES, bawling to his stone-deaf beloved Arabella:—"My angel darling, I adore you. Will you be mine for ever?"

ARABELLA SMITH:—"Louder!!"

NEWS ITEMS IN 1981.

THE comet which has been a prominent object in the heavens at midday during the past six weeks exploded last evening about six o'clock, as predicted by Professor Knowall, of the National Observatory. The report was deafening and many persons died of fright; no damage was done our earth. This morning dozens of boys are in the street peddling fragments of the comet's tail.

THE Duke of Shamm left London yesterday morning by air-line, and arrived in New York at eight o'clock last evening. He will return home to-morrow. During his twenty-four hours' sojourn in this country, he gathered abundant materials for a work on "America and the Americans."

ANOTHER sea-serpent was captured off Newport on Thursday last. It was one hundred and sixty-three feet long, and as thick round as a hogshead. The rush to Newport yesterday to see the monster was immense. Mr. Bambuzel, proprietor of the "Four Greatest Shows on Earth," has offered \$1,000,000 for the reptile.

A TERRIBLE hail-storm visited portions of Wisconsin and Minnesota yesterday afternoon, doing \$900,000 worth of damage. Some of the hail-stones were the size of water-buckets. One hundred years ago hail-stones as large as hens' eggs were regarded as of extraordinary size.

SINCE the beginning of the present year, six months ago, seventeen new comets have been discovered, four of which are still plainly visible in the northern heavens. Dr. Warnhim's prize of \$10,000, offered for the discovery of the first six comets this year, will be divided between 8,762 applicants.

THE two feet of snow predicted for the first of July by Professor Missitt, a Canadian weather prophet of more than national repute, failed to put in an appearance on the date named; but there was good sleighing on the 4th. An earthquake is predicted for August 11th and 12th. The earthquake last month, predicted by Professor Hititt, of St. Louis, destroyed \$2,000,000 worth of property; but no lives were lost. Professor Smart's "Patent Earthquake Escapes" being in use in every city and town shaken.

The editor of the *Chicago Daily Mournor* was yesterday sentenced to three years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine for printing an alleged mother-in-law joke. The learned judge said he intended to make an example of such offenders, and therefore gave him the full extent of the law.

The New York Legislature yesterday elected John Brown U. S. Senator, after a "dead-lock" of sixteen months. The new Senator, it appears, eats meat three times a day, of his own raising, and is therefore pronounced unfit for the position by the opposition press.

A twenty-four story house, in course of erection in New York, fell with a crash yesterday, burying seventeen men in the ruins. It had reached the 'twenty-second story.

Yesterday's *Daily PUCK*, started as a weekly more than a hundred years ago, contains a powerful cartoon on the Balloon-Line disaster, by which fifteen persons were killed and thirty-two injured—the result of carelessness. The design is worthy of Keppler in his best days, which is saying a great deal. W.



A HUMILIATING SCENE
(See—Gospel according St. Matt. XVII, 35)



THE SPECTACLE.

(Matt. XVII, 35.—Revised Edition.)

CORNELL TO SHINKEL.

Shinkel, Shinkel, little tar,
How we wondered what you are,
When you fell and seemed to float
Like a passenger in the boat.

Now, not wisely but too well,
Let us consummate the sell;
Sell the whole concern apace—
We the boat, as you the race.

Yet, to chide you, sure were rash;
Much you did unbought by cash.
Though you sold the race that day
The college name you gave away.

Shinkel, Shinkel, little tar,
Come not back from where you are;
Here awaits you, sculler proud,
A neat but inexpensive shroud.

Once our slogan used to swell—
"Cor-Cor-Cor-Cor-nell! I yell!"
Now, the answering echoes tell—
"Cor-Cor-Cor-Cor-nell—I SELL!"

SPINX.

AMUSEMENTS.

Selina Fetter has arrived in New York.

Now comes forward Miss Lillian Cleves. She will act in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" the rôle of a star. Costumes, acting and prospects alleged to be equally good.

The Carreno-Donaldi Grand Operatic Company gave a concert at the ORIENTAL HOTEL, MANHATTAN BEACH, on Monday last, and the performance is to be repeated September 5th. Pietro Ferranti is the *buffo*.

Edouard Remenyi had a grand double extra testimonial benefit last evening at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. Neuendorff's fine orchestra is still on hand there every evening, and the supply of beer is ample.

The coolest and the most fashionable place in the city, with a sliding roof, is decidedly the METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL, especially as Mr. Rudolf Bial conducts that fine orchestra of his every night, not excepting Sunday.

Mr. B. McAuley as *Uncle Dan'l* in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," at the STANDARD THEATRE, pleases "the boys" and brings down the house. The character for the class of play is well conceived, and the interest is capably sustained.

"*Pour Dieu, pour le Czar et pour la Patrie*" is the motto of the grand drama by D'Ennery and Verne, entitled "Michael Strogoff," now being played at the revised edition of BOOTH'S THEATRE, which production shall receive notice from us in due course.

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE Miss Jennie Lee appeared on Monday last in "Jo." Hopelessly undramatic, or rather unfitted for the stage, as Dickens's novels are, yet there is something to admire in Miss Lee's performance of the character. The young lady will be remembered as having in former years been a Black Crookite.

Mr. Rowe's "Smiff," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, is well-mounted and has some funny points about it, but the opening night's performance was not a success. Miss Balfe and Miss Kate Gurney, who hail from Hingland and made first appearances, acted with spirit. Mr. Rowe himself, as *Philander Smiff*, caused, as he always does, much amusement by his comical and naturally eccentric performance.

All the wealth of Russia and Tartary has been drawn upon by the Kiralfys to make their "Michael Strogoff" at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC a grand success. There will be swords from Damocles, a lovely *premiere* from Milan wooed by an ardent young French count, a ballet of sixty, music by Von Suppé and Anton Rubinstein, military costumes, an unprotected heroine, a gilt-edged villain, and a beautiful panorama. You will see PUCK there, too—on the first night.

Mr. J. C. Scanlan and his wife (Rachel Sanger) have arrived from England. Mr. Scanlan, during his visit to England, has secured many novelties—it is whispered that Mr. Bradlaugh is one of them—which will be pre-

sented under his direction during the season. One of the novelties is "The Colonel"—not Colonel Ingersoll—and it is to be produced at the BOSTON MUSEUM, October 3rd. It is not unlikely that Miss Sanger will become a member of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE company, and the Madison Square's double stage will bob up more serenely than ever in consequence thereof.

Mr. Chizzola, who runs Signor Ernesto Rossi during his American tour, left the Italian artist at his palace in Florence enjoying a holiday after his arduous and triumphant engagement in Berlin, whither he was invited by the Crown Prince of Germany to come from St. Petersburg to give his opinion of the lager and to act. His season in the Russian capital was brought to an abrupt termination by the closing of all the theatres in consequence of the premature nihilizing of the late Czar. The heir to the German throne procured for Rossi permission, by working the racket with the local alderman, to give six representations in two Imperial Theatres in Berlin; and so profound was the impression the tragedian produced that, at the express desire of the Kaiser himself and by the exertions of the Crown Prince, arrangements were made for his remaining for a period of three months with unlimited beer. The company supporting Rossi in this country will be composed of American actors—the majority of eligible Italians here being in the organ-grinding and peanut business; but it is probable that the tragedian will bring with him an Italian lady, who will give us a true sunny Italian version, in the purest native Tuscan lingo, of *Juliet, Desdemona* and *Ophelia*. Signor Rossi is expected in New York about the third week in September, unless the King of Italy should recommend the Pope to give him a cardinal's hat—not that Signor Rossi is in want of any new hats, for he won several recently in Italian election bets.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—The mosquitoes drove her home.—P. S. See No. 1 of FICTION.

"POD," McKeesport, Molly Maguire Region, Pa.—
spcg au. ceg'aju? qar pwoi dckiff—ruz lbgFa txulpdan
aSH5n pgfz luvlx qut-aom.—oieso ltn. outuv ueiou
aao nlepo, ulbfis ncedofo rautnlx? aonn g4iecbj? jWao\$

CALIFAX.—No, sir; we don't know how many apples the farmer had left when he gave twenty-seven to his eldest son and one-third to his youngest, and borrowed five dollars and a chew of tobacco from his neighbor over the way. We don't want to find out, either. We don't propose to be let in for any more arithmetical problems. We got left on the last one we tackled, and the corrections have n't stopped coming in yet. The next man who comes around this office with another problem is going to get hurt, and we wish this thing to be distinctly understood.

BILLY THE KID.—If the chastened style of your communication has not misled us, we infer that you have sent us a contribution. We don't seem to be under the impression that we remember recalling having heard of it. We are taking a vacation now, William; but when we get back to town we'll set down some autumnal day, when the wind is rushing whoopingly through the leafless branches, and we will open our escritoire and fossick round among the secret drawers and faded locks of golden hair and things, and maybe we'll find it. And then we'll send for a postal-card, William—a postal-card with Parisian diamond edges, written in gold ink, with a real antique rutabaga monogram in the left-hand upper corner, and tell you all about it.

"Kid Katnip" is announced as a sequel to "Baby Rue."

"For Cash Only," a new novel by James Payn, began in *Harper's Weekly* of August 27th.

The "Franklin Square Song Collection" will soon be published by Harper Bros. It will contain the words and music of 200 pieces, ballads, patriotic songs, hymns, and many old and new favorites.

A WHITEWASHING REPORT.

To the Honorable W. Windom,

Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

According to the New York dailies of August 16th, an explosion occurred on the day previous to that date on board the steamer "Plymouth Rock," plying between New York and the Long Branch iron tubular pier. As an old official, and knowing the astonishing power of imagination, which sometimes makes a metropolitan reporter say that an elephant of Mr. Barnum's menagerie has been killed while roaming in Madison Avenue, when only Miss Snoozer, of Mrs. Hashmill's well-known boarding-house, in the same locality, mashed a mosquito, sitting on her delicate proboscis—as I read all the New York papers, I know, therefore that this "terrific explosion" on board of the "Plymouth Rock" was as ridiculous as it was unfounded.

But on receipt of your official communication, in which you ordered me to make a very careful and complete examination of all the circumstances in connection with the explosion of August 15th, and to send the result of it to Washington, it is *une autre chose*, as the Frenchmen say, and I went, *in medias res*, to use a Latin quotation—I mention the fact that it is Latin, or you might mistake it for some other language.

The panic on board the "Plymouth Rock" was no panic at all. The passengers were already quite scared by a small man in dark blue trousers blowing his nose with a red pocket-handkerchief, when suddenly the band on the deck struck up the waltz, "On the beautiful blue Danube," and a piano player in the saloon elicited the same lively strains from his instrument. (I do not mention the maker of the latter, notwithstanding his agent has offered me a large amount for doing so.) In a moment everything was confusion and excitement. The men, most of them Wall Street brokers, yelled like midnight cats, and the babies roared as their fathers would do, if Erie Railroad stock declined to 8 and Copper Knob rose to 87½ (dollars I mean, not cents). Only the women remained quiet, but a few of them could not conceal their sorrow in looking at the well-filled lunch baskets brought from home, perhaps only to feed the playful sharks in New York bay.

I thought that the best way to obtain the information you require, would be to interview the president of the company owning the "Plymouth Rock." So I waited on him, and he received me with the greatest courtesy and gave me all the points and necessary details to make an exhaustive report. While we were talking he handed me a very fine chromo of the steamer (which I annex to this report), and altogether we had quite a first-rate time.

But my official zeal was not yet satisfied, and some of my friends suggested it would be as well to make a personal examination of the steamer. So I went to the East Twenty-third Street dock of the "Plymouth Rock" steamboat company, and asked an aged apple woman sitting on the pier what she thought of the condition of the "Plymouth Rock." At the moment she was somewhat perplexed, but she recovered very quickly on my giving her five cents for a green apple probably not worth more than one cent. Then she became garrulous, and told me that the "Plymouth Rock" was the staunchest ship she ever set foot on, and that since childhood she had been behind the same fruit-stand without a single day off. She knew the steamer from the day it was launched fifty-five years ago, and that all its timbers were then in the best of order. After buying another apple (for which I paid but one cent this time, as I had no further use for the fair apple woman's conversation), I left the pier, fully satisfied that the steamer was a perfectly sound vessel.

I hope, Mr. Secretary, that the energy, zeal, and care I have displayed in this investigation will meet with your approbation, and remain

Yours very respectfully,

A. S. TOWZER.
Steamboat Inspector.

NEW YORK, August 27th, 1881.

ON THE KICKAPOO.

BOATMAN, old, grim, of the muscular arm,
 Out when the fire-flies shiver,
 Is there in Paradise any warm charm—
 Any rich excellence rendered in blue
 As blue as a night on the river?
 Wierd Kickapoo—
 Kickapoo.

Boatman, old, grim, 't would be Heaven to die,
 Out where the ceaseless waves quiver;
 Life's but a baby's insatiate cry,
 So Death be our Captain and we be his crew—
 (For our souls cannot drown in the river;)
 Deep Kickapoo—
 Kickapoo.

What, Boatman, old, grim, so soon to the shore?
 Is ended our dream on the river?
 What did you say? "Two dollars, no more
 Than right for this row." Two dollars! Why, you—
 Must we kickapoo' man in the liver?
 Then kickapoo—
 Kickapoo! EDWARD WICK.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. VII.—Our Horse.

THE following are axioms:

1. A barn or stable, attached to your house, leads to a horse.
2. A horse leads to a coachman and buggy.
3. A horse and coachman lead to a team.
4. A team leads to a carriage.
5. A carriage leads to bankruptcy.

Of course the foregoing axioms are based on the supposition that you are a married man. If you are still reveling in the delights of bachelorhood, or more sedately, but quite as thoroughly, enjoying the adjourned pleasures of widowerhood, you may be satisfied with shank's mare; but, if you are blessed with a better half, you had better hire a place on which there is no stable, and, if possible, a place on which no stable can be put.

We reached the one horse stage very soon after our removal to our rural home. As soon as I placed my eyes on the stable in our backyard, I knew what would happen, and I waited patiently for Mrs. Lot to develop her ideas. The next delightful point in Mrs. Lot's character is, that one is not compelled to wait long under such circumstances. We were returning from church at noon on Sunday, when Mrs. Lot made the first move in her little game.

"Don't you think," she suggested, "that it would be pleasanter to ride to and from church?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied I. "It is ever so much better to walk. Walking stirs up the blood, refreshes the system, limbers the muscles, increases the appetite, invigorates the limbs—"

"Dear me!" exclaimed she. "I don't want a lecture on physiology."

I knew she did not; but Mrs. Lot should have studied the history of the horse, who could be led to the water, but could not be compelled to drink. I determined that I would not aid her in her manœuvres. As I made no answer to her exclamation, she paused for a moment, and then continued:

"I think," said she, "that we should have a horse so that you and I can ride to church."

"Nonsense!" said I. "It's no distance; only a mile."

"Well, I think it is some distance," said she with some temper.

"Assume that it is," said I, in my calmest manner, "still you must admit that it would be foolishness for us to keep a horse, merely for the purpose of riding to church once a week."

"Oh, I could use him on other days," she remarked quickly.

"Doubtless," I responded; "but we cannot afford it."

That was a very silly move on my part. She brushed that objection aside as easily as she would a cobweb. She knew as much about my income as I did, and she proceeded at once to prove to me conclusively that we could afford it. Then I objected to the expense of a coachman; but she at once dropped into figures, and then I knew that the fight was over. Of course, figures can't lie; but if there is any proposition which cannot be proved by figures, I have not yet met it. They have a provoking habit of upholding the ideas of the person who uses them.

The result of our discussion was that, before I had demolished my share of the pudding at that Sunday's dinner, the purchase of a horse had been determined on. Of course I had expected to yield from the first, and I had stood out chiefly to see how Mrs. Lot would manage the business, and with the hope that, by making the purchase of the horse appear as a tremendous sacrifice, I might succeed in avoiding the purchase of some other expensive luxury, on which Mrs. Lot had set her heart.

It was arranged that I should look up a horse; but, as I am a very deliberate person when called upon to look up things which I do not wish to buy, I was not surprised that my wife finally became impatient.

"Are you waiting for that horse to grow?" asked she one day.

"No, my dear," I attempted to explain.

"There," said she, "never mind! To-morrow I'll go with you to help you look him up."

On the morrow we went to that part of New York City where horses do most abound, and the very first stable we came to had on it a sign on which was written the legend, "Horses for sale cheap here."

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Lot, "is exactly what we want!"

"My dear," said I, "allow me to observe to you that there is one thing, which you should never buy cheap. Buy your bonnets cheap."

"I'd like to see myself."

"Or your gloves."

"And have them burst on my hands."

"Or your shoes."

"And have them leave me barefooted."

"Or your horse."

"And have the colors run."

"But never buy horses cheap. Cheap horses are invariably bad."

For once in her life she took my advice; but I believe that if that sign had read, "Horses for sale dear here," I should not have succeeded in keeping her out of the place.

We finally entered a stable, and we were shown a very nice looking horse. I assumed an appearance of wisdom as I examined his teeth and his limbs, and then I asked Mrs. Lot if she liked him.

"Oh, he's splendid!" she gushed.

I happened to glance at his optics.

"There's something wrong about that animal's right eye," I said to the dealer.

"Only a slight cataract," said he.

"It doesn't injure him?" asked Mrs. Lot.

"Oh, dear, no," said the dealer; "not a bit."

Mrs. Lot looked at me appealingly.

"My dear," said I, "a cataract in a horse's eye often leads to a fall."

We examined quite a number of animals on that day, but I suggested so many diseases to Mrs. Lot that she became afraid to buy a horse. Finally she exclaimed:

"I know what I'll do! You evidently do not know a good horse from a bad one. I'll get Tom to buy one."

So the matter was turned over to my brother, who soon bought us a very nice horse and buggy at a moderate price.

Mrs. Lot soon learned how to drive the horse, and she apparently obtained a large amount of pleasure from him. Unfortunately my wife's mother was too timid to drive the horse alone. Oh, if she had only driven herself some day, and the horse had only run away, I should have been perfectly satisfied to have had the buggy smashed to smithereens, if—but let me not be blood-thirsty. The funny thing about the matter was that the horse and buggy was ostensibly purchased to take Mrs. Lot and myself to church; but, in practice, Mrs. Lot and her mother rode to church, while I trudged along on foot. Mrs. Lot, however, insisted that that was my fault because I could buy a two-seated wagon, and then we could all ride. I knew however that a two-seated wagon meant a team, so I walked.

We tried a variety of coachmen. Some got drunk and smashed things generally; some scarcely knew the horse from the buggy; some refused to cultivate our garden; some were saucy to us, and some raised rumpuses in the kitchen. I endured them all with complacency, for I hoped that Mrs. Lot would finally become disgusted with all coachmen. Whenever she complained to me I agreed with her, and suggested that we should sell the horse.

Our horse is a playful sort of a beast. He gets just about one third the amount of exercise he should have. As he spends a large part of his time in the stable, he exercises his brain in conjuring up extraordinary performances. He has a trick of taking off his halter, whenever the humor strikes him. One day, having freed himself from his shackles, he went to the meal box and ate at his leisure. When we found him, he looked like a hoghead mounted on four legs. If we had given him a drop of water, I am sure that he would have exploded. We sent for a horse doctor, and the whole family sat up all night nursing and doctoring the steed.

On another occasion, when he had slipped out of his halter, he found the stable door open, and proceeded to march out into the garden. The coachman was away from home and so was I. The horse pranced around among the vegetables and flowers, until Mrs. Lot happened to see him. Mrs. Lot went out quite boldly to catch the animal, but she might as well have tried to put salt on a robin's tail. He pranced around, and finally rolled in the flower garden. Mrs. Lot followed him around till her feet were wet and muddy; and she thought she was about to catch him, when he suddenly turned, and with his hind heels threw a great mass of dirt all over the front of her person. The blow was so sudden that she tumbled down and ruined her dress. Fortunately I entered the yard at that moment, and I soon put our steed in the stable.

"He's a nasty, mean, ugly beast!" said Mrs. Lot.

"So he is," said I. "Let's sell him."

Thereupon Mrs. Lot cooled down. We still keep our horse, but there is one thing about which Mrs. Lot dares not complain.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep, and weakness calls for Hop Bitters.

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 Children bloom, but die in teething;
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 Watch the precious girls and brothers;
 Read the home life of Victoria,
 Children nine, all had CASTORIA;
 No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
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A MODEL MAIDEN.

I knew a maiden chastely fair,
In tint her hair was lemony—
That's rather far-fetched, I declare—
Her cheek was an anemone.

She was a shy, entrancing elf,
Her features peace would indicate:
And very soon I wished myself
As rich as any syndicate.

Because to be away from her
Was simply unendurable;
From which the reader may infer
My case was quite incurable.

She wore a necklace gemmed with pearls,
Her hair was neatly fileted;
For her, before all other girls,
I wished that I was billeted.

All poets, in a frenzied craze,
Her form would gently Dianize;
And she would calmly meet their gaze,
Pretending each to lionize.

One, in a sonnet, daintily,
Called her an Eden butterfly,
And said 'twas rapturous to see
Her nimbly o'er the gutter fly.

High Spanish she could sing and speak
As well as any Mexican;
And when she Latin read, or Greek,
She never used a lexicon.

The snowy keys she'd lightly touch,
And science did enrapture her;
For me, indeed, she knew too much,
And so I couldn't capture her.

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If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of **Kidney-Wort**. Use it as an advance guard—either in dry or liquid form—it is efficient.—*Saturday Night*.

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His visaged face, his hirsute hair!
Behold the eager, grasping clutch!
Those overalls hold overmuch.
The rustic granger hies him fast—
He's got beyond the point that's past.
His bull-eye dog bears company—
Alas, young youth, 'tis rough on thee!
Aha, the boy the fence doth reach,
But *Canis Taurus* holds the breach!

—Erratic Enrigue in New York News.

A BIG, fat colored woman went to the Galveston chief of police and told him that her stepson had run away, and she wanted to know where he was. "It boddens me to know why he left. He had everything he needed to make him cumfable. I done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he may be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all de marks I made on him with a bed-slat, while de old man was holdin' him, has faded out yet."—*Texas Siftings*.

"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a New Haven mother to her son, who was struggling along in grade five. "There's Charley Smart is away ahead of you, and he isn't as old." "I know it. Teacher said he'd learned all there was to learn in my room, and that left me without anything to learn." Guess the boy will keep.—*New Haven Register*.

Six ladies at a seaside resort engaged a hotel room in which to leave their shawls and other light baggage, and a few hours later were presented with a bill of twelve dollars for its use. At the same place, on the following day, a man had his pocket picked of two dollars. The pickpocket was arrested, but the hotel proprietor is still at large.—*Norristown Herald*.

BEAUTY is sold in bottles.—*Rochester Express*.
You must have made your best girl a very early morning call.—*Rome Sentinel*.

[Kansas City Times.]

Mr. William Hadel, at the Marathon Hotel, Wausau, after extreme suffering with rheumatism, without any benefit from physicians or various preparations, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Wis. Exchange*.

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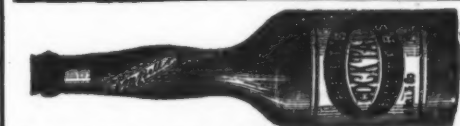
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At a meeting of the Victoria Philosophical
Institute of Great Britain, recently held in Lon-
don, one of the speakers was "Sir H. Barkly,
K.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.S." The room being
crowded, he left the rest of the alphabet hang-
ing upon the hat-rack in the vestibule.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

GREECE has only five miles of railway, and
when a farmer's cow breaks a leg, he often has
to carry her a long distance to get to the track
and leave her there, so he can obtain pay for
her. It's awfully unhandy.—*Elevated Railway
Journal.*

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG, who has just re-
turned from Europe, complains that the St.
Petersburg police opened her letters. Unless
Clara's literary style differs widely from that of
most American young ladies, the police were
in hard luck.—*Chicago Tribune.*

E. MACK is the composer of a waltz entitled
"On the Beautiful Blue Danube." We would
suggest that out of respect for the mourners the
Cornell crew be greeted with some other kind
of music. A dirge, perhaps, would be more
appropriate.—*Rochester Express.*

GENERAL BUTLER is cruising around Cape
Breton in his yacht "America." The people have
got into the habit of locking their back doors
nights. They fear he may have designs on the
governorship of the island.—*Boston Transcript.*

"A GOOD husband makes a good wife," says
a philosopher, but he stops there, and don't
say what he makes her do. Probably build the
fire in the morning and sit up late for him at
night.—*Lowell American Citizen.*

WHEN a toper's spirit is moved, water does
not flow from his eyes. He simply indulges in
a dry whine.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a
complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the
matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff.
Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I
thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly
proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well
and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars.
Such folly pays."—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—*Free Press.*

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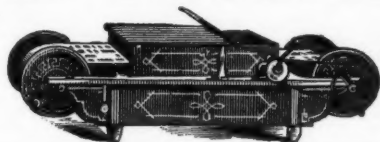
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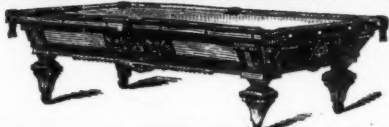
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BEAUTIES of commutation: "There's a feller up here who gives a ticket for twenty-one meals for \$3," remarked a disciple of the art preservative of arts last week. "But how does he make his money on that?" was asked. "Easy enough. His customers usually die after the third meal."—*Denver Tribune*.

A CHICAGO clergyman has taken occasion to observe that Ananias would have been small potatoes compared to some Washington correspondents. And the Washington correspondents will inwardly believe this, though they may say deprecatingly: "Don't flatter us."—*Boston Post*.

"WHAT are your politics?" the chaplain of the Iowa penitentiary asked of an intelligent-looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

THIS is the mild way the *St. Albans Messenger* writes up a small riot and general disturbance: "A party of six Yale students who have been camping in the South woods in the Adirondacks was in town last night."—*Boston Post*.

"WHY do so many persons commit suicide?" asks an exchange. It must be because so many of them take their own lives. If everybody were to die a natural death, we fancy there would be fewer suicides.—*Norristown Herald*.

AUSTIN, Texas, has a female deputy sheriff, and when she tells a man she has an attachment for him, he don't know whether to blush and try to look sweet, or to light out for the woods.—*Unknown Exchange*.

THE San Antonio people complain of little fishes in the water-mains. They can't expect the Water Works Company to furnish them with whales 120 feet long for a dollar a month.—*Texas Siftings*.

FANNY DAVENPORT is reported as having said to a Boston editor that she was in love with no one but herself. She can congratulate herself on not having any rival.—*San Francisco Post*.

IT is said that a flour-barrel will hold 678,900 silver dollars. If some one will contribute the flour-barrel we may verify this statement.—*Lowell American Citizen*.

SOME men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling until the collection-plate is being passed around.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE market quotations indicate a rise in the price of peanuts. There is always a gloom of some sort hanging over this nation.—*Boston Post*.

A NEW YORK journal heads a column "What to Take With You to the Seashore." The financial editor evidently wrote the article.—*Detroit Free Press*.

[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]

Mr. Thomas Lewis, 62 Butler street, informs us that for seven years he was afflicted with that dreadful malady, Sciatica, and being induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, found almost immediate relief therefrom, and is now perfectly cured.

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